



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

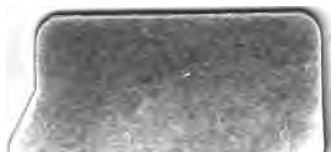
The image shows the front cover of an old book. The cover is decorated with a marbled paper pattern in shades of brown, tan, and blue. The spine is bound in a dark, possibly black or dark brown, material. A small, dark rectangular label is affixed to the spine, featuring gold-colored text. The text on the label is arranged in two lines: "285, o." on the top line and "94." on the bottom line. The book is set against a plain white background.

285, o.

94.



600083656Y





11

11

11





THE SONG OF THE BELL.

Translated from Schiller.



71

DUBLIN:
M^cGLASHAN AND GILL, 50, UPPER SACKVILLE-ST.
1857.

285.0.94.

*The profits, if any, to be given to the Ragged Schools,
Townsend-street, Dublin.*

THE SONG OF THE BELL.

HID within this mound of earth,
The mould of clay doth waiting stand ;
To-day, the Bell must have its birth,—
Quick, companions, hold a hand.

From the hot brow first, 5
Labour's sweat shall burst,
Ere its blessing heaven engages,
Ere the work the master praises.

The work that is earnest still should we
With an earnest word prepare ; 10
When words are flowing cheerfully,
Then the mind with the hand may share.

So let us now with care consider
What through our weak power may be wrought.
That man inspires contempt, who never 15
To what he works out gave a thought.
'Tis this which forms man's highest art,
For this was understanding given,
To trace within his inmost heart
The work for which his hands have striven. 20

Take thou wood of the pine-tree stem,
Solid and dry that wood must be ;
Then the fierce, compressed flame
Strikes through the metal thoroughly.
Seethe the copper brew, 25
Stir the tin in through,
That the tough bell-metal flow
In the right way down below.

What in the dark mould's earthen shroud
Our right hand forms, 'mid fiery flame, 30
From the high tower shall echo loud
Our sentence, be it praise or blame.

Endure it shall till latest morrow,
Ringing its tale on each man's ear ;
Wailing with the heart's deep sorrow, 35
Hymning with the soul's strong prayer.
Of all the changes here below
That pass o'er man, by fate or choice,
That grants him weal, or works him woe,
This warns him with its brazen voice. 40

I see the white flames glow,
Stir with an ashen stick ;
The molten mass will flow,
When moved within it quick.
Free from every scum, 45
Must the mixture come ;
Then, from metal clean and clear,
Clear and full the sound we hear.

Right joyful is the festive peal
With which they greet the new-born child, 50
Who sets forth with this life to deal,
Hushed in the arms of slumber mild.

For him, within the lap of Time,
Lies hid the lot of good or crime ;
The mother's love, so good, so fair, 55
Guards his young life with tender care.
The years flow on as arrows swift
From female rule now starts the boy ;
In life's wild tumult must he roam,
Strange lands to see, his only joy :— 60
A stranger doth he turn towards home.
There, lovely in the light of youth,
Bright as if from heaven she came
With gentle, glowing, modest truth,
See the fair maiden's blushing shame ! 65
A nameless longing seizes then
His unfilled heart,—he walks alone ;
His eyes shed tears, the haunts of men
He shuns, and every social tone.
Trembling he treads where she has been, 70
Blest by her lightest look or smile ;
On her fair brow his gifts are seen ;
He decks her with his love the while.

Oh ! tenderest longing,—sweetest hope
Of fair first love, the golden time ; 75
Eyes then may see, the heavens ope,
Hearts then may swim in joy sublime :
Oh ! might it ever green remain,
The golden time of young Love's reign.

See, the metal now is burning, 80
Dip the trial rod therein ;
If the glaze is on it turning,
Time it were the mould within.

Now, companions, quick,
Prove with the glazed stick ; 85
It is ever a hopeful sign,
When the strong with the weak combine.

When fierceness shall with mildness pair,
And strength its power with mercy share,
Then is the sound both sweet and strong : 90
When heart meets heart, prove what you find,
'Tis for eternity you bind ;
The frenzy's short, the ruiny long.

Lovely in the young bride's hair
Gleams the virgin's crown so bright ; 95
When the church bell fills the air,
Inviting to the festive rite.
Ah ! that the fairest feast of life
Should end with it our life's warm May ;
When veil and girdle cease their strife, 100
Then hath the rapture fled away.
Hot passion flies,
Love still shall rest ;
The bright flower dies,
The fruit's in its breast. 105
Forth must the man go
Where foes are alive ;
Must work and must strive ;
Must plant and create ;
Must rage and must hate ; 110
Bear bitter and sweet,
Fickle Fortune to meet.
Then stream in upon him her joys without end ;
He fills all his stores with the gifts she doth send ;
And his storehouses grow, and his buildings extend.

Whilst within them doth rule
The gentle housewife,
So wise, soft, and cool ;
Near her, order hath life.
Well doth she become 120
The sweet circle of home.
The mother of children,
The girls she hath taught,
And e'en the boys brought
To acknowledge her rule. 125
She doubles his gains
By her care and her pains ;
She filleth with treasure her presses, so scented ;
And winds the frail thread round the spindle, so
dented ;
And gathers on shelves, so polished and
bright, 130
The glittering wool, and the linen snow-white.
Beauty and use she joineth ever,
And resteth never.

And the father, with a joyous look,
From the house's far-seeing gable, 135
Reckons over his prosperous stock
And the increasing range of his stable—
The solid beams bending beneath the grain—
The golden corn waving upon the plain ;
Then, boasting himself, as he looks around, 140
Firm and fast, as the earth is found :
“ Am I secure from the blighting curse
Of sorrow, misfortune, or dire reverse ?”
Yet, with the might of destiny
No lasting bond can ever be, 145
For ill-luck steppeth light and free.

Now we may begin the casting,
Jagged and pointed is the breach,
Though, before we see it hasting,
Let our prayer to heaven reach. 150
When the metal's loose
God preserve the house ;
Smoking, hissing, through the eye,
Forth the raging fire-waves fly.

Rich in gifts is the strength of fire, 155
When tamed and bowed to man's desire;
And what he builds, creates, or plans,
The might of fire works with his hands.
Fearful grows this wondrous power,
When, self-unchained, she rules the hour, 160
And treads in there, where no man sought her,
Free Nature's wild and wilful daughter.
Woe, when the raging flames we meet,
Nor let nor hindrance to withstand,
In the thick-peopled, busy street, 165
Flinging around the burning brand;
For to the elements 'tis sweet
To wreck the work of man's right hand.
From the cloud
Comes our gain, 170
Streams the rain:
From the clouds, without warning,
The lightning comes storming;
Hear it moaning in the tower:
Breaks the shower. 175

Red, like blood,
All heaven stood.
This is not the morning glow :
The crowds are rushing to and fro,
The air doth choke, 180
As rolls the smoke ;
The fierce fire-pillar climbs to meet
Its kindred flame athwart the street,
And rushes on, like wind so fleet.
Seething, as from oven escaping, 185
Glow the air ; strong beams are breaking,
Posts are crushing, windows flinderling,
Mothers crying, children hindering ;
'Neath ruins groaning
Beasts are moaning ; 190
All are pushing, running, frightened ;
Day-bright is the night-hour lighted.
Through the hands' long chain
See the buckets drain.
High above in arches play 195
Fire-engines, with their watery spray ;
The storm-wind, howling, flies away.

The red flame, crackling, feeds
On the parched corn, fruit, and seeds,
Licks up the granary's well-filled room, 200
Devours the rafters' dried-up broom ;
And as she would complete the woe,
Forth through the town she strains to go ;
Tearing on in her rapid flight,
Increasing as she gains more height. 205
Giant great,
Hope too late,
Man must bow to godlike fate.
Be still, and see the flames devour
His whole life's work within the hour. 210

Empty burnt
Is every shed,
The city now the wild storm's bed.
At the charred window's gaping hole
Blank horror sits ; 215
Through it the wind does wailing roll
In broken fits.

One backward look
On the dark pall
Of his lost all, 220
The ruined, but still brave man, took ;
Then cheerfully to work did fall,
Though raging fire him much hath cost ;
Comfort within him is not dead,
As he reckons each beloved head, 225
And finds that none are lost.

In the earth 'tis now received ;
Successfully the mould we fill ;
Be it so, when to day revealed,
Then Art and Labour have their will. 230
Should the form have burst,
Then the casting's curst ;
Ah ! perhaps, while yet we hope,
Mischief and grief have had their scope.

To earth's dark bosom man confides 235
The labour of his hand and brain ;
The sower, too, there leaves his grain,

Knowing Earth quickens what she hides,
Should Heaven its blessing not restrain.
Yet costlier seed we now must hide, 240
With sorrow, in the Earth's cold breast,
Hoping it cannot there abide,
But bloom in everlasting rest.

From the dome,
Heavy and dread, 245
The Bell doth tone
The song of the dead ;
The saddened stroke seems ever to say,
" We carry a pilgrim on his last way."

Ah ! it is the mother dear, 250
Ah ! it is the wife so true,
To whom the shade king cometh near,
And bears her from her husband's view.
From her young children is she torn—
From those that she hath him blooming borne: 255
Those that she watched upon her breast,
And hoped to see in manhood drest.

Ah! the house's tender band
Is broken, and for ever;
She dwelleth in the shadowy land, 260
Who was the house's mother.
Her earnest rule has passed away,
Her anxious watchings o'er;
The orphaned home is the stranger's prey,
It is loveless for evermore. 265

Whilst the Bell within grows cold,
Let us from strong labour rest;
Larks are singing on the wold,—
Let us sing with blither breast.
When the vesper sounds, 270
Then the workman's rounds
Are finished, and he rests in peace,—
The master's toils can never cease.

Quick are the steps, and cheerful,
Of the herdsman, turning home 275
From the forest, dark and fearful,
Where his bleating flocks did roam.

And the cattle,
Broad-browed, sleek-fed, willing,
With a bellowing rattle, 280
Their custom'd stalls are filling.
Heavily swayed the waggon lies,
Corn laden :
On the sheaf the coloured crown lies
For the maiden. 285
Still are market now and street ;
Round the lamp's bright social flame,
Parents, friends, and children meet,
The street door barring as they came.
Darkness covers 290
The earth from sight ;
But man discovers
No fear of the night.
In darkness evil is never asleep,
Yet the eye of the Law its watch will keep. 295

Sacred Order, rich in blessing,
Heaven's daughter, comes confessing,

That where she comes, the free she binds;
Man in the wilderness she finds—
She builds for him a dwelling-place; 300
She teaches him the arts of peace;
She seeks him out companionless,
And with affection's chains doth bless;
Then weaves for him the golden band,
The deep strong love of fatherland. 305

A thousand active busy hands
Are tying the sweet knots of life.
'Tis labour forms all social bands,
And power is born of labour's strife.
The master and the man may touch 310
Beneath strong Freedom's holy arm;
When each one joys that he is such,
None fear that treachery will harm.
For labour is an ornament,
Becomes the brow of man 315
More than a ducal coronet,
Or kingly sceptre can.

Union sweet,
Friendly peace,
Linger, linger, 320
O'er the fair town's increase.
May that day be ever far,
When the savage hordes of war
Wake the valley's silent hush.
When the heavens, 325
Rosy with the evening's blush,
Painted, gleam ;
From the hamlet reckless rush
The living stream.

Now break the mould for me, 330
Its purpose is fulfilled ;
That heart and eye may see,
The workman's hand is skilled.
Swing, the hammer swing,
The shroud in pieces spring; 335
Ere the new-born bell may rise,
Its mould around in ruin lies.

The master may the mould destroy,
With wisest hand, at rightful hour ;
But woe is, when, through base alloy, 340
The molten brass usurps the power.
Raging wild, like thunder cracking,
Loud explodes the shattered house ;
And, as open hell were wrecking,
Spits destruction, flaming loose. 345
When mindless Power rules or directs,
She knows no law, no right respects ;
Whene'er themselves the folk do free,
'Tis seldom wise or soberly.

Woe, when within the city's heart 350
Wrong or fire are smouldering on ;
If the people from their slumbers start,
They snap their bolts, their chains are gone.
They seize the Bell, and raise the shout,
For tumult is the summons sounding ; 355
The Bell that oft for peace rung out
Now signals power that knows no bounding.

“We’re free and equal,” hear men cry ;
The peaceful dweller grasps his sword ;
The streets are full ; and, rushing by, 360
The robber bands fulfil the words.
Then women are hyenas fierce,
Excited as in frantic jest ;
With panther’s teeth they seek to pierce
The tyrant’s heart, and gnaw the rest. 365
Nothing is holy, all is curse,
There’s nought but vice, and rage, and pain ;
Good yields the place to evil—worse
Than blasphemy is free to reign.
Wake not the lion when he sleeps ; 370
Destructive is the tiger’s tooth ;
But horror hath still deeper deeps,—
’Tis man bereft of right and ruth.
Woe to those that lend the torch
Of heaven’s flame to sightless eyes ; 375
It lights them not, ’twill only scorch,
Till all around in ashes lies.

God hath blest, and glad we are,
From its shell, both bright and even,
Gleaming as a golden star, 380
See the metal kernel given.

From helm to heel
It shines like steel.

The armorial storey, pictured o'er,
Praises the master's hand still more. 385

Come in, come in,
Companions all, and close the round.
We to baptize the Bell begin,
"Concordia," let her name resound.
To concord and to heartfelt love 390
May she the people ever move.

May she that purpose high fulfil
Destined her by the maker's will.
High above earthly clamour loud,
In the blue tents of heaven to rest, 395
Her neighbour is the thunder-cloud;
The star-world gleams upon her breast.

Her voice from thence she oft will raise,
Like to the planets in their sphere,
Hymning aloft their Maker's praise, 400
And treading through the crowned year.
To earnest and eternal things.

Her brazen mouth be sacred ever ;
Time hourly with his rapid wings
Doth touch her, and his moments sever. 405

To Destiny she lends a tongue,
Else heartless and unsympathizing ;
Companions with her changeful song,
The changeful times of life's dividing.

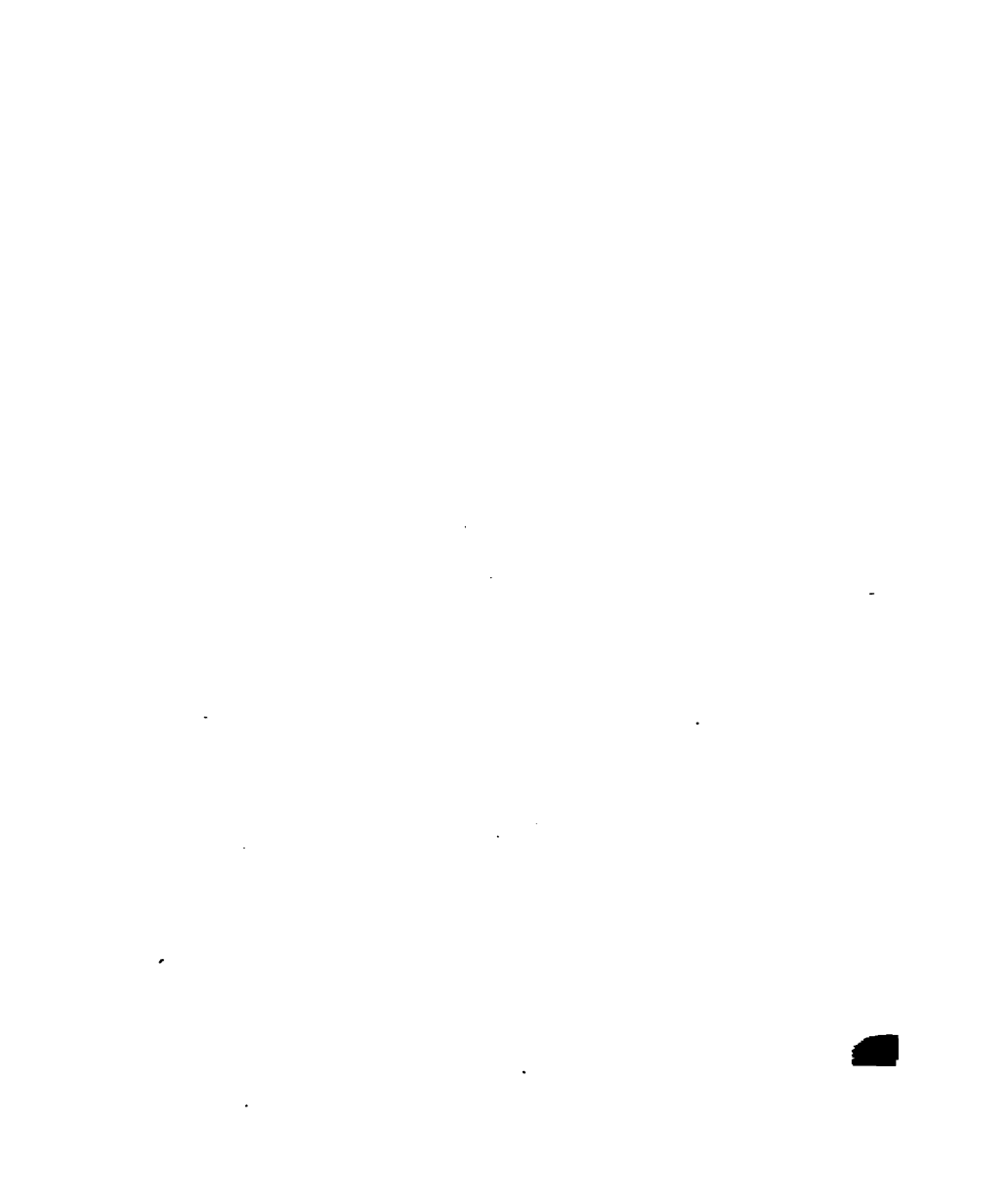
As on the ear the clang is dying, 410
Whose mighty voice hath filled the air,
She teaches, here is nought abiding,
'Tis life or death, 'tis joy or fear.

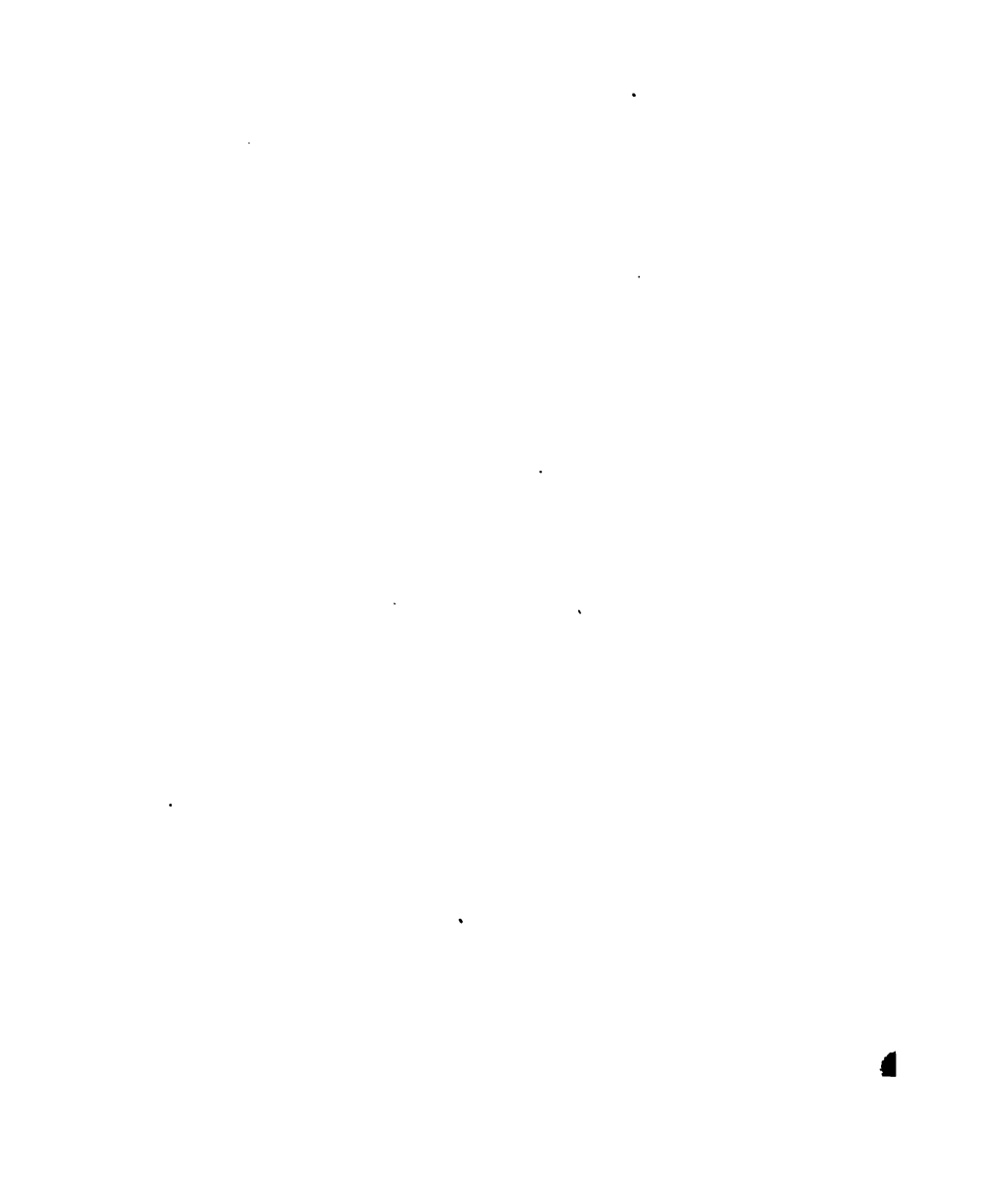
Weave the strong ropes round,
Out from her grave we raise her ; 415
That in the kingdom of sweet sound
Her own sweet sound may praise her.

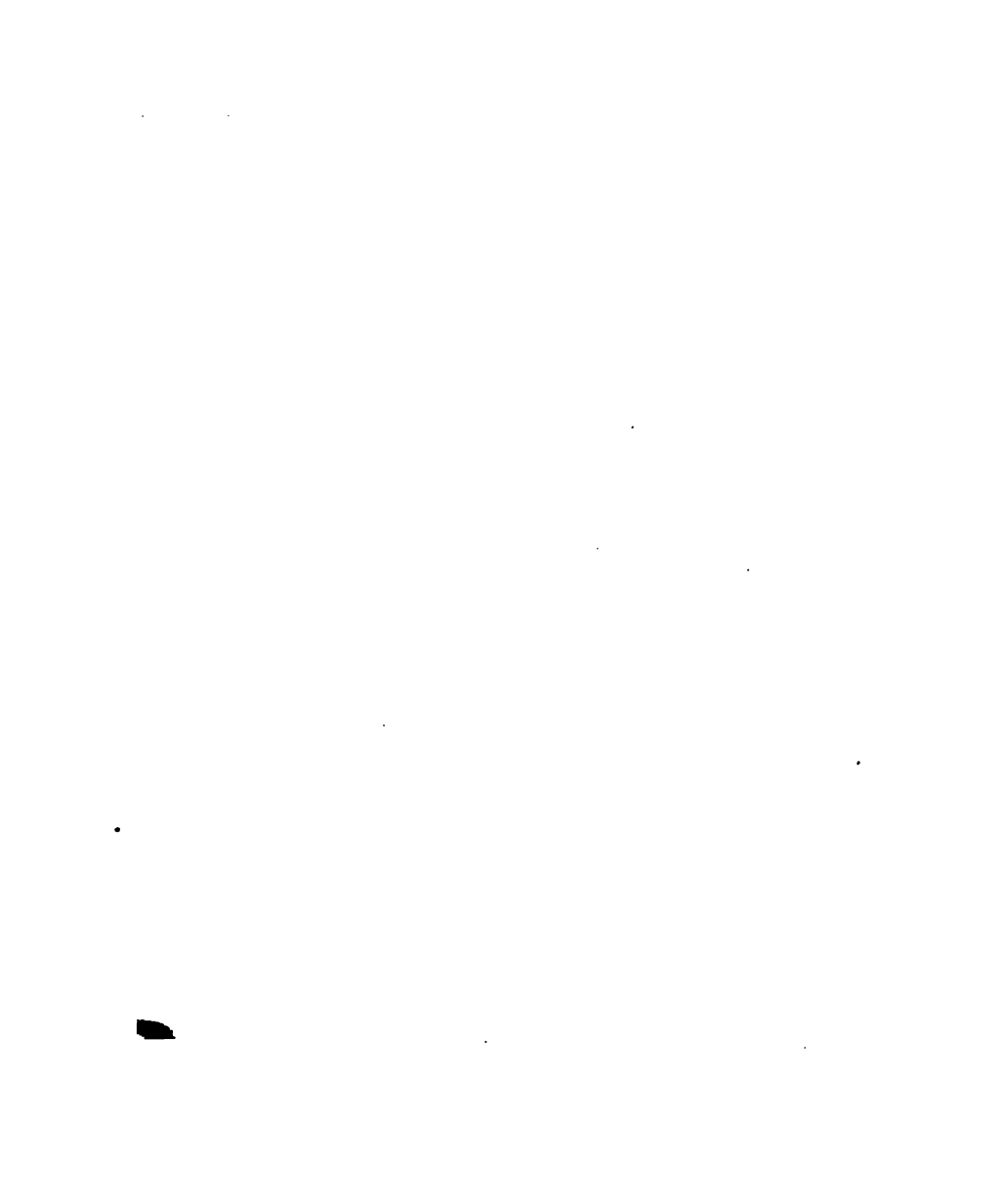
Let us draw and heave ;
She the tomb doth leave : 420
Now high above the city swings,
Whence joy and peace she firstly rings.

THE END.





















•

•

•

